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But how I've wander'd from my darling
theme !

How unrestrain'd my rebel fancies run !
Imagination ! this no idle dream !—
Oh, Muse ! my song is of my *only* son !

My child ! to thee, I turn again, in thought,
To sweet remembrance of the happy
day,

That with its welcome visitation brought,
Joy's blossom-buds to strew Life's rug-
ged way.

Thou cam'st a little seraph sent from hea-
ven,

For all thy graces speak thee from above :
Thy parents asked the gift—the boon was
given,

A recompense for yet unrivalled love.

Heaven guard my boy ! the scion of my
strength !

Propitious powers ! oh, train him for
your praise !

Be health bestowed—grant life a glorious
length ;

And guide his feet in truth's unerring
ways :

Father of Wisdom ! plant within his soul,
The seeds of virtue, and the plants of
grace :

Be thou his faithful friend—his steady pole,
And never veil thy mercies from his
face :

Oh ! that his course may be a stream of
light,

To draw beyond the stars its lucid line,
Thereby preparing, thro' sin's sable night,

A way to heaven : a path to fields di-
vine.

May new delights still meet him every
year,

Bright be the future : pleasant still the
past :

Strange be his cheeks to woe's heart-
wringing tear,

And may each hour be happier than the
last.

AUGUSTUS.

21st November, 1812.

ON A LARGE ASH, WRITTEN AT THE
REQUEST OF A LADY.

COULD but my verse thy noble stature
reach,
Majestic Ash ! and soar so high a pitch,

Not in the County of Kildare
Should be so fam'd a tree :
What Hercules could thee uprear ?
Not Finmacoole could root up thee
To make of thee his chair,

Here let me sit beneath thy shade,
And contemplate those ruins made
By time's unsparing hand :

Oh ! could my lays

Unite thy praise

With ancient glories of the land,
Of heroes long since dead, who in the
dust are laid.

As Finmacoole, whose brave exploits
Of throwing hills about like quoits

• Have so renowned been,
Such miracles could ne'er achieve,
Nor enterprize, as I believe,
But for his smiling queen.

So, ne'er could I thus far have writ,
Had not the fair commanded it :

Their favour I do crave,
Which if I gain, I am content,
And think my labour is well spent ;
And so I take my leave.

RICCIARDO.

THE DESERTER.

WHY move with measur'd steps yon
martial band,

In solemn, awful silence ? Why breathes
not

The wonted clangor of the clarion's bray,
The flute's soft symphony, the fife's shrill

note,
Drown'd by the echo of the war-drum's

roar ?

'Tis Justice points that step, forbids the
voice

Of warlike melody to rouse the soul,
Or lure a thought from her ; severe in

wrath,

'Tis not enough the victim at her shrine
Should yield his forfeit life, she points to

man,

And in emphatic language bids him read
Her stern decrees. Now dread suspense,
And deeper silence reign, while o'er the

host
The sombre veil of melancholy spreads.

Behold the wretched man ! his moisten'd

eye

Is rais'd to Heaven, his unequal step
Proclaims the inward anguish of his soul.

He gains the fatal spot ! the last few friends
Whom misery bound to life are gone for
ever.